

Just published,

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London; and C. ELLIOT, Edinburgh,

(Price 2s. 6d. sewed.)

M A R I A;

OR, THE
GENEROUS RUSTIC.

O may we never love as these have lov'd! POPE.

Also just published, (Price 1s. 6d.)

V E L I N A:

A

POETICAL FRAGMENT.

Sæpe manus demens, studiis irata malignis,

Misit in arduos carmina nostra focos:

Atque ita de multis, quoniam non multa supersunt,

Cum venia facito, quisquis es, ista legas. OVID.

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF
(SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF)

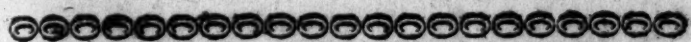
IN A
CASE
OF THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF

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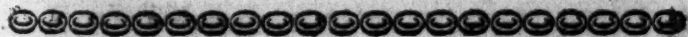
IN A
CASE
OF THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF

THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF



SPANISH MEMOIRS;
IN A
SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

VOL. II.



CONFIDENTIAL

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

FOR THE YEAR 1954

MEMORANDUM FOR THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

RE: THE PROPOSED CHANGES

IN THE BY-LAWS OF THE COMPANY

AS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

ON MAY 15, 1954

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS

RESOLVED TO APPROVE THE

PROPOSED CHANGES

IN THE BY-LAWS OF THE COMPANY

AS APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

ON MAY 15, 1954

AND TO AUTHORIZE THE SECRETARY

TO SIGN THE CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION

IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I HAVE HEREUNTO

SIGNED MY HAND AND SEAL THIS 15TH DAY

OF MAY, 1954.

SPANISH MEMOIRS;
IN A
SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.
CONTAINING THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
DONNA ISABELLA DELLA VILLAREA,
NIECE TO DON JOHN, TWENTIETH AND LAST DUKE
OF ARANDINA.

Published by the AUTHOR of
MARIA, OR THE GENEROUS RUSTIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Sad mournful preface of her future years,
The child of misery baptiz'd in tears.

LANGHORNE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. ELLIOT, T. KAY, and Co.
No 332, opposite Somerset-House, Strand, London;
And C. ELLIOT, Edinburgh.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

SPANISH MEMOIRS

IN 2

LETTERS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

IN A

LETTERS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

IN 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

OF

LETTERS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

LETTERS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

IN 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

LETTERS OF ORIGINAL LETTERS

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VOL. II

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SPANISH MEMOIRS;
IN A
SERIES OF ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XLVI.

DON FELIX COUNT OF ALTINA to
the DUKE OF ARANDINA.

DON JOHN,

BEING ambitious of an alliance
with the illustrious house of
Arandina, I propose myself the ho-
nour of waiting on your in a few
A.3 days,

[6]

days, for the purpose of soliciting
the hand of the Lady Isabella your
niece. Her birth and charms will
adorn any station, and will ever be
justly prized by him who is, with
esteem and respect,

Yours, &c.

DON FELIX COUNT OF ALTINA.

LETTER

153

2

I SHALL never esteem the house of Arandina degraded by a connection with that of Altina. Your proposal

proposal will certainly be approved
by my niece, since it has met the
approbation of him who is

Yours faithfully,

DON JOHN DUKE OF ARANDINA.

LETTER

DON JOHN DUKE OF ARANDINA

DON JOHN

LETTER

of Arandina decided by a con-
sulting the Duke of Arandina
negotiation with that of Arandina
and attached the in the following
manner



LETTER XLVIII.

DONNA ISABELLA to DONNA

LAURA.

EACH day that dawns on me is
 attended by some new wo.
 This morning the Duke sent for me,
 and address'd me in the following
 words:

words: " You have been in danger of degrading yourself by a marriage with a vile fellow,—who, if he has his deserts, will spend the remainder of his days in the mines.

" As a punishment, *you* were condemned to pass the remainder of *your* days in a convent's solitary gloom: But a brighter prospect now discloses itself to your view. The Count of Altina has notified his ambition to be allied to the house of Arandina. His family, though not of the *first* class, is ancient and noble. He will be here in a few days:—Prepare therefore to receive your destined Lord."

SCARCELY

SCARCELY had the Duke ceased to speak, when I sunk motionless at his feet. This accident he attributed to excess of joy; and in that mistake did he continue till about an hour ago, when the receipt of the inclosed letter undeceived him.

"DON JOHN,

"You will not, I trust, attribute my conduct to so contemptible a vice as ingratitude, when I solicit the execution of my former sentence in preference to my becoming Countess of Altina. As the misfortunes of my parents early determined me never to marry, I flattered myself, that, beneath this roof, I should be sheltered

sheltered from the storms of fortune; and that, when age, with its concomitant infirmities, should attack my benefactor, I might, by unremitting attention to the preservation of his health, and by anticipating all his wishes, express my gratitude for his past goodness in protecting a helpless orphan. But since he no longer esteems me worthy of his protection, I will now retire to that cloister whence his goodness called me, and will there offer up daily prayers for his happiness. In this manner do I mean to spend the remainder of a life, which, had it not been for your goodness, might have been passed in penury and want.

You will, I trust, pardon my refusal of the Count Altina's hand: A refusal which it would not have been in my power to give, had I not had the honour to be connected with you; as the small stock of merit which I possess would never have been sufficient to procure me the notice of a Spanish grandee. I remain,

My Lord,

With the greatest respect

And gratitude,

Your much obliged niece,

And very humble servant,

ISABELLA DELLA VILLAREA.

I WAITED with anxiety for his answer, which arrived in about an hour; and was as follows:

"ISABELLA,

“SINCE your folly leads you to prefer a cloister to a palace, a life of perpetual mortification to one of gaiety and pleasure, I grant your request, and permit you to retire to Ventina. I shall not force you to marry; as no marriage, however splendid, can increase the lustre of the house of Arandina.”

Thus, O Laura, is my fate determined; and I now fly for refuge to those very walls which I so lately wished

wished to shun. But whilst *Alonzo*
 possesses the *heart*, *Altina* shall never
 obtain the *band* of

Your

ISABELLA.

B2 LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

DUKE OF ARANDINA *to the* COUNT
OF ALTINA.

DON FELIX,

SINCE I last wrote, my sentiments are changed, and you will never boast an alliance with the house of Arandina. I remain

Yours,

DON JOHN DUKE OF ARANDINA.

LETTER

~~When I saw her in the prison, I was so much affected, that I could not but weep, and she wept too. I told her that I was her father, and she said that she knew me, and that she was my daughter. I then told her that I was her father, and she said that she knew me, and that she was my daughter. I then told her that I was her father, and she said that she knew me, and that she was my daughter.~~

LETTER II

FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA LAURA;

POOOR Isabella's sufferings increase daily. You know that she has refused the Count of Altina, and that she is now condemned,

B 3

without

without hopes of a reprieve, to pass her days in the convent of Ventina. Her conduct has been highly proper in refusing to marry Altina, when her hand only was at her disposal. I endeavour to comfort her as much as possible, and to support her in all her distresses. That she may receive from Heaven that support which she so much needs, shall be the constant prayer of her afflicted friend.

SHE is to be with you in about three weeks. I think with pleasure that amidst all her distresses, Heaven has spared so amiable and so real a friend as she has ever found in you. I wondered

wondered much that the Duke so readily gave up all thoughts of marrying her to Altina. But it seems he did not think it consistent with his *dignity* to *force* her consent; as *that*, he said, would have appeared as if the match was an object of importance to his family;—now, said he, there is no family, by a connection with which the house of Arandina would receive additional lustre.

THUS, for once, has poor Isabella been benefited by that pride which has been the source of her own and her *parents* wo! Heaven support her, poor girl. I must go
and

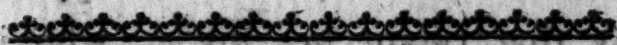
and comfort her; I hear her weeping in the next room. I remain, as usual,

Yours, &c.

ALBERTO

LETTER

Count of Almaraz, as a friend, would be
convinced. And that I had not
been would have been on
Almaraz, and the same compelled



indebted to her for the assistance
new possessor—I will not say enjoy
as it is impossible that such a person
should find any thing
but in turning that which fortune
has subjected to him. Do, let me

DON ALONZO to DONNA ISABELLA
DELLA VILLAREA.

like write without delay. All I
ask, is to be told that you are

I AM so uneasy at not hearing
from you, and at the report of
your approaching nuptials with the

Count

Count of Altina, as cannot well be conceived. Not that I suppose Isabella would bestow her hand on Altina, unless she were compelled by that tyrant her uncle, who is indebted to her for the life which he now possesses—I will not say *enjoys*; as it is impossible that such a tyrant should find enjoyment in any thing but in torturing those whom fortune has subjected to him. Do, let me know how you are. I fear you are still an invalid. For mercy's sake write without delay. All I ask, is to be told that you are well and happy; for if such is the lot of Isabella, Alonzo will be content.

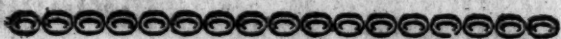
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content to suffer. Adieu. Believe
me

Ever yours, &c.

ALONZO.

LETTER



LETTER LII.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* DON ALONZO.

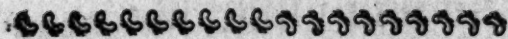
I HAVE been so ill, that I could not hold a pen; but, thank Heaven, am now a little better. I have refused the Count of Altina,

and the matter is no more thought
of. I am too weak to add more than
that I am

Yours sincerely,

ISABELLA.

VOL. II. C LETTER



LETTER LIII.

DONNA LAURA *to* DONNA ISABELLA.

HOW my heart bleeds for dear
Isabella! oh how I pity and
admire her! You have indeed acted
nobly.

nobly. You will at once possess the pity and the respect of those who shall become acquainted with your sad tale. Next week I shall cease to rank Isabella amongst the number of my *correspondents*; she shall ever possess the first place in the catalogue of my *friends*. That you may, within these walls, experience peace, is all which I can hope for; happiness will, I fear, never prove the lot of my friend on this side the grave. But rest assured, that such distinguished virtue as adorns Isabella will, in a *future* state, meet that reward which Heaven often for a time with-

holds, but never in the end refuses.

WHEN our prospects in this world are overshadowed with impenetrable gloom, it is at once our interest and our duty to contemplate with the eye of hope the bright prospects of a future state. There the virtuous will experience bliss unalloyed; — their pleasure will be heightened by the remembrance of past sufferings, whilst the contemplations of those bright scenes will not fail in some degree to gild the horrors of our present situation.

THAT

THAT Isabella may experience the
truth of these assertions, is the sin-
cerest wish of her

Affectionate

LAURA.

C 3 LETTER



LETTER LIV.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* DONNA LAURA.

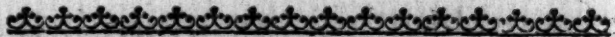
I HAVE just received Laura's kind letter. I am much indebted to it for the small share of tranquillity

quillity I now enjoy. Small, indeed, is the portion of happiness which I ever possessed; but it was more than I deserved. This morning I shall consecrate to the melancholy employment of bidding adieu to several old friends. I think I hear you express your astonishment at the term, as you have always esteemed poor Isabella a friendless and deserted orphan; and such she is. But the friends, to whom I must now bid adieu, are the venerable oaks which surround these ancient walls;—those oaks which have for ages sheltered beneath their branches the ancestors of her who is now to bid them an *eternal* adieu.

I feel a regret at parting with them that may to you appear weak and childish, and perhaps is so. But when I reflect that, through the whole course of my misfortunes, they have received me under their shade, that they have never censured my imprudence, and have even appeared to express their sympathy with my sufferings by solemn wavings of their aged arms, my sorrow at leaving them is great.—But to what an excess of weakness does my grief lead me ! Whither am I running ! With what nonsense am I pestering Laura ? Adieu. I can no longer restrain my tears. Wretched as I am, I can never be *completely*
so

so till deprived of your friendship.
I will write once more before I
bid an eternal adieu to dear Vil-
larea..

LETTER



LETTER LV.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* DON ALONZO.

I AM, thank Heaven, so much recovered, as to propose making an excursion of some miles. When I shall return to Villarea, I know

know not; but whenever I do, I will write you a longer letter. I only scribble this, lest, hearing of my departure from any other than myself, you should imagine that I had forgotten those obligations which will be remembered with eternal gratitude by

ISABELLA.

LETTER



LETTER LVI.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* DONNA LAURA
DE CASSILDINA.

AS a few days will now terminate our correspondence, I cannot permit the arrival of that pe-

ried without expressing my gratitude for the comfort I have ever experienced in the perusal of Laura's letters. As I am now to enjoy the *conversation* of my kind benefactress (for such I shall ever esteem you), I have, at the request of that amiable man Father Alberto, deposited in his hands all your letters, as well as copies of all that I ever wrote to you. Those of Alonzo he has obtained from the Duke. He says, that, when we are parted, he shall enjoy a melancholy pleasure in perusing the letters which contain a sketch of my misfortunes. Oh how truly amiable he is! How I shall

regret his loss ! which, however, will in some degree be compensated by his correspondence; and he likewise assures me, that no year shall elapse without his visiting the convent of Ventina.

I HAVE just been visiting the apartment which was allotted to my father when he was an inhabitant of this Castle. I could not refrain from tears. Indeed I never visit that apartment without weeping, as the train of ideas which rush into my mind at the sight of it are very melancholy indeed. Oh how often have I wept, when the good old

woman

woman that nursed him has described him to me. She speaks of him with rapture, and mingles her tears with mine, good creature! She has never ceased to weep since the news of my departure was known. Oh, Laura, what do I not suffer!

Oh Heaven, look down with pity; and, when it shall please thee, terminate by death the woes of a wretch to whom life is a heavy burden; a burden, however, which she hopes to bear with becoming patience, till time shall bring the long-expected hour of relief. Adieu,

D 2

my

my dear Laura, may happiness be
 still *your* lot ; it never more on
 earth will be the lot of

ISABELLA.

LETTER



LETTER LVIII.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* FATHER

ALBERTO.

Convent of Ventina.

YESTERDAY I entered these
walls; and I blush to own,
that when the iron gate, grating on

D 3

its

its hinges, closed with apparent reluctance, I wept. Not even the appearance of Laura, who flew to embrace me, was sufficient to support my drooping spirits. I instantly retired to her apartment, and there I remained till the hour of rest. Laura endeavoured to sooth my agitated soul, but in vain; for I have never ceased to weep since my arrival. Oh what I felt when, in passing through the saloon, I found it filled with weeping domestics! To see the poor old woman, that had nursed my father, wringing her hands in an agony of despair, and tearing those venerable locks that were silvered by the hand of time!

Oh,

Oh, it was too much! who could bear it?—And when I was entering the carriage, the poor old house-dog licked my hand, and gave a short howl; as if he knew that I was wretched, and pitied me. Oh what I suffered when you waved your hand from the battlements, and bid me adieu in all the silent agony of wo! Oh God, it was too much! At our sad parting, the conscious heavens wept; all nature seemed overcast with melancholy gloom. Ah, no! not *nature*; but my *heart* was sad; and when all *within* is dark and gloomy, nought *external* will show bright. If this be true (and true it is) never shall

I again behold the laughing fields,
 or the frant groves, in the gay livery
 of spring ; to me they will be ever
 overcast. I am wretched indeed,
 but I must submit to the will of
 Heaven. Remember me kindly to
 poor old nurse, and do not forget the
 disconsolate

ISABELLA

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

DONNA ISABELLA to DON ALONZO.

I MUST begin this letter with imploring your forgiveness of the deceit which I have practised on you:

you: but I was unwilling that you should be acquainted with my intention of retiring to this sad retreat, till it should be too late to prevent it; as I dreaded the force of your attachment to me, unworthy as I am, might hurry you into the commission of some violence which would have involved both of us in fresh difficulties. When you have heard the motives that influenced, you will, I trust, approve the conduct of Isabella. My uncle gave me the choice of two *evils*, and I have chosen what to me appeared the least. I was necessitated either to marry Altina or to retire to this convent. My reasons for preferring the

the latter were two. The *first*, that I scorn so far to injure any man as to yield my *hand* to his solicitation, when my *heart* was devoted to another. The *second*, that I imagined you would suffer much less from seeing me for ever secluded from the world, than from seeing me the property of another. Indeed, had I become Countess of Altina, I could not, consistently with the dictates of honour or of virtue, have fulfilled my promise of corresponding with you; a promise which I made merely to preserve the life of my uncle, as I dreaded the effects of unappeased anger. Had I not been influenced by so weighty a reason, I never would have

have granted a request, the compliance with which will certainly tend to embitter the remainder of our respective lives, as well as constantly call to our remembrance, and perhaps greatly increase, an unhappy passion, which can never now be gratified; for whenever the year of probation shall expire, I must assume the veil, and bind myself by the most solemn vows to consecrate to Heaven the remainder of a life that has indeed been wretched. If you wish to regain that peace you have lost, and not to embitter the remainder of my days, you will release me from my promise;—if you are so blinded by your passion as to insist on its performance, you

shall find that the laws of honour
will never be violated by me..

DIRECT your answer to me at the
convent of Ventina ; but do not so-
licit an interview, as that will never
be granted by her who is, with
great regard,

Your obliged friend,

And sincere wellwisher,

ISABELLA DELLA VILLAREA.

VOL. II. E. LETTER

your last letter. You are indeed ignorant when you are to visit Villares. Had you enquired for Alonso that regard you profess towards him, you would have resisted the conduct of your heroic mother; you would have blessed Alonso with your hand. He would have asked

LETTER LX.

from Heaven, he would have supported in arms, since, he would have adored Isabel.

DON ALONZO to DONNA ISABELLA DELLA VILLAREA.

cruel! why regret that she is bound by honour to correspond with Alonso? why mention that favour as the price of her uncle's life?

OH Isabella, how have you deceived me! Was this the excursion you so slightly mentioned in your

your last letter? You are indeed ignorant when you are to revisit Villarea. Had you entertained for Alonzo that regard you profess towards him, you would have imitated the conduct of your heroic mother; you would have blessed Alonzo with your hand. He would have asked from Heaven no other boon; he would have supported in affluence, he would have adored Isabella! He *does* adore her; he ever *must* adore her. But why so obstinately cruel? why regret that she is bound by honour to correspond with Alonzo? why mention that favour as the price of her uncle's life? Her commands will alone be sufficient to

E 2

prevent

prevent Alonzo from terminating the existence of such a monster. But why am I never more to behold the amiable Isabella? Why am I doomed to perpetual misery? Oh, Isabella! 'tis to the pride of your uncle, and to the cold insensibility of your friend, that I am indebted for my misfortunes.

I AM called to Madrid by business of importance, that will detain me about a week; and when I return, I will attempt to obtain at least one interview with Isabella. If the attempt be not crowned with success, I shall meet my fate without dread,

as

as my sufferings cannot now be
heightened.

I am, as much as ever,

Your devoted slave,

ALONZO DE CASTINA.

E 3 LETTER

LETTER LXI.

FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA ISABELLA.

My dear child,

I WAS, as you observed, greatly affected by your departure, and do not wonder that you were as much so; but

But I trust, that, the bitter scene once past, you will become every day more calm, and that your grief will be moderated by time. You are, undoubtedly, a great object of pity; I never knew a greater: but still, amidst all your distresses, you will find great consolation by reflecting on your retiring from the world so early; for, believe me, we are better calculated to struggle with misfortune in youth than in age. At the first dawn of life the world is tolerable, because it is novel: but in the evening of our day (for the life of man, when compared with eternity, is no more), when life has lost its only charm of novelty; the anchor

chor of hope, unless it rest beyond the grave, proves but a slight support to the being who, oppressed with misfortune, relies on it alone for comfort and for happiness.

YOUR uncle sets out for Madrid to-morrow, having received a sudden and unexpected call to court. He proposes writing to you on his return. I am to accompany him to the capital, where, he says, our stay is to be short. I am sorry to hear that the Count of Altina is much displeased with your uncle's conduct; not so much by his refusal, as by the manner of it: he has, I hear, vowed to be revenged; but I trust
 he

he will not put his threats in execution.

I INTREATED your uncle to send a less haughty refusal: but all I said was in vain; he was determined to support the dignity of the house of Arandina by insolence, *not* only to his *inferiors*, but to *those* who are *nearly* his equals.

I HOPE he will not have cause to repent his rejecting my counsel. Adieu, dear girl; you shall at all times command the prayers of

ALBERTO.

LETTER

ing a destiny which is indeed severe:
but I am grateful to heaven for the
comfort I receive in your friendship.
~~*****~~
that time, aided by religion, will
calm my transports, and soothe my
anguish.

LETTER LXII.

I HAVE written to Alonzo, in-
forming him of my return, and the
motives that induced me to return
to the land of my birth. He seems
much pleased with my return.
DONNA ISABELLA in reply.

TEN thousand thanks for your
kind letter. It found me in my
cell, drowned in tears, and lament-
ing.

ing a destiny which is indeed severe: but I am grateful to heaven for the comfort I receive in your friendship, and that of my Laura; and I hope that time, aided by religion, will calm my transports, and soothe my anguish.

I HAVE written to Alonzo, informing him of my return, and the motives that induced me to prefer it to the hand of Altina. He seems much dissatisfied with my conduct, and even accuses me of treachery; but he will, I trust, in the calm moments of reflection, approve the conduct of Isabella. I trust my uncle will not feel the effects of Altina's

ven-

vengeance: I, alas! cannot avert them, as I did those of the injured Alonzo. I have no other heart to offer as a bribe; and if I *had*, Altina would not esteem the atonement to his injured honour sufficient. How fatal to repose are the effects of pride! The truth of this assertion is proved by every page of my sad tale. Pride has been the source of all my parents' wo, and of my own. Had my uncle not been proud, Isabella had never been wretched; or at least not so wretched as she now is. But what am I saying? am I not censuring the conduct of my uncle; and in so doing, am I not to blame? I may in private lament;

but I must not even to you mention
the errors of one whose protection
I once enjoyed; though now I can,
alas! rank it amongst the blessings
possessed by your afflicted

ISABELLA.

VOL. II. F LETTER

2 CARCE had I finished the por-
tial of your last—where you
observe how fatal to happiness are

LETTER LXIII.

FATHER ALBERTO *to* DONNA
ISABELLA.

SCARCE had I finished the per-
usal of your last,—where you
observe how fatal to happiness are
the

the effects of pride,—when the Duke was brought home in the arms of two servants, covered with wounds and blood. He was followed by Alonzo, who was also wounded, but not so severely. When the Duke was placed on a couch, and the surgeons had dressed his wounds, Alonzo addressed him in the following words: “Learn, Don John, from this night’s adventure, that a man may act with *honour*, though his *ancestors* were not *ennobled*.” On saying these words, he retired to his own house, attended by the surgeons; who have declared that *he* is not in any danger. About the Duke

F 2

they

they are still doubtful; but I hope the best.

From Alonzo, whom I this day visited, I learned the following account of the adventure. As the Duke was returning home in his coach, he passed through a retired street, where the carriage was attacked by three villains armed with daggers. They ordered the coachman to stop instantly. The Duke, on hearing their voices, and seeing them attempt to force open the door of the carriage, opened the door on the opposite side, and jumped out. He then set his back against a wall, and, throwing his cloak over his left arm, stood

stood on his defence. He was instantly attacked by the ruffians, who wounded him desperately; his lackeys having in the mean time run off, leaving their master to be assassinated. Whilst the Duke was engaged in this unequal contest, Alonzo happened to pass that way. He easily recognized the person who was calling loudly for assistance; and without delay stabbed two of the villains, who instantly fell; whilst the other is secured, and has confessed that he was hired by the Count of Altina to murder the Duke.—
 You, Isabella, refused to bestow your hand on one man when your heart was the property of another.

Heaven has, you see, rewarded you, by delivering you from being united to a man who is in fact an assassin. A character, alas! too common in Spain. The Duke's misfortune has not produced the least change in his sentiments. I flattered myself, that the person to whom he owed his life might have been rewarded with the hand of Isabella: but, on my suggesting the matter to him, he was much enraged; and said, "that he would rather have experienced a still more hateful death, than have his life prolonged only to behold the disgrace of his family!—A family that will soon be extinct; and of which it may then be said, that, during

ring a course of nine hundred years, it has retained its nobility uncontaminated. As to the young man (continued he) who assisted me in dispatching those villains, I shall reward him in a manner becoming his station, by bestowing on him a large sum of money;—a reward much fitter for a merchant than an illustrious wife!”——How Alonzo will bear this fresh insult I know not; but as he is strongly attached to you, I trust you will be able to pacify his just resentment.

I FLATTER myself that you are now somewhat more composed than when you last wrote, and that the
hours.

hours pass less heavily than they did.

I SHALL write again in a day, or two. Till then, believe me

Yours ever affectionately,

ALBERTO

LETTER

LETTER LXIV.

DONNA ISABELLA to DON ALONZO
DE CASTINA.

GENEROUS Alonzo! to risk
 your own life in the prefer-
 vation of him who has so grossly in-
 sulted

fulted and so seriously injured you ! Receive the thanks of Isabella : A reward which, though greatly inadequate to your deserts, is all that she has left to bestow. Her heart has long been yours ; and if her hand were at her own disposal, it should soon be added : but she is not mistress of her hand ; and she fears, that the only person who has a right to influence her in the disposal of it will never consent to her bestowing it on one who prizes it too highly.

I FLATTERED myself, that the important service you have rendered

the

the Duke might have been deemed by him a just claim to more valuable marks of his favour than the hand of a poor orphan, who has no ambition but to be virtuous; and who, were she at her own disposal, would imitate her mother's conduct, and prefer Alonzo to the most illustrious grandee of Spain. But, alas! Alberto informs me that there are no hopes of any change in his sentiments on this head. Do, write to me whenever your wounds will admit of it—but not before. I am happy to hear that the wounds you have received are only slight. Father Alberto is to send me a regular

lar account of your health; for the
recovery of which none will be so
anxious as

ISABELLA.

LETTER



LETTER LXV.

DON ALONZO *to* DONNA ISABELLA
DELLA VILLAREA.

MY wounds are so well recovered as to admit of my addressing the amiable benefactress, to
Vol. II. G whom

whom I am indebted for the prolongation of that life which I have lately risked in her service; for such I esteem to have been the preservation of her uncle from the daggers of assassins. It was not for the Duke of Arandina I drew my sword; it was for a fellow-creature, and for the uncle of Isabella. Considered in either of *these* capacities, he had a right to my *assistance*: as Duke of Arandina, he had *every* thing to *fear*, and *nothing* to *hope*, from Alonzo. But I have just received from him a fresh insult of such a nature, that it should not go unrevenge'd an hour if he were not connected with you. He has sent me a considerable sum.

Wm

Q

II. 10 Vof

of money as a reward for the service I rendered him! Can you wonder if this treatment provokes me to the last degree! I have returned the money with the utmost contempt; advising him, at the same time, not to impose any *fresh* task on the forbearance of one whose patience is almost exhausted. Oh Isabella, why are you so rigid in your notions of duty? Is he a parent?—is he a friend?—is he a protector?—No; he is your sole torment! Yes, he is the source of all the misfortunes that have befallen yourself and family; and yet he is to experience from Isabella all that obedience and respect which could only be due to an in-

indulgent father. Oh! do not drive me, by your preposterous notions of duty, into perpetual exile: and that will be my lot, if you refuse to quit those hated walls which now seclude you from the sight of the wretched

ALONZO.

LETTER

faults by those who know her; for
are indeed cruel to threaten me with
retiring to a perpetual banishment,
if I refuse to violate the laws of

duety. If I had no uncle to con-
front me, I would, as before I told
you, without a moment's hesitation,
bestow my hand on Alonzo: but I

LETTER LXVI.

have ever been accustomed to con-
sider the Duke as a parent; and, as
such, shall ever conduct myself to-

DONNA ISABELLA to DON ALONZO

DE CASTINA.

in a manner that would subject me
to the censure of all who know me:
—do not, Alonzo, repeat these things

WHY does Alonzo reproach
me with cruelty, which
was never reckoned among Isabella's

faults by those who knew her? *You* are indeed cruel to threaten me with retiring to a perpetual banishment, if I refuse to violate the laws of duty. If I had no uncle to controul me, I would, as before I told you, without a moment's hesitation, bestow my hand on Alonzo: but I have ever been accustomed to consider the Duke as a parent; and, as such, shall ever conduct myself towards him. Do not press me to act in a manner that would subject me to the censure of all who know me: —do not, Alonzo, require from me so *fatal* a proof of my affection. *Every* proof consistent with *duty* you may

may expect: do not solicit *others*
from her who is, with gratitude and
sincerity,

Yours affectionately,

ISABELLA.

LETTER LXVII

FATHER ALBERTO TO DONNA

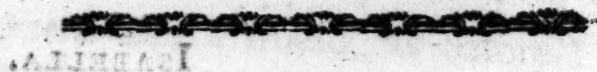
ISABELLA.

LETTER

THE Duke is now so well re-
covered as to propose to-
morrow, Alas!

may expect to do not longer expect
from her who is with gratitude and
affection

Yours affectionately,



ISABELLA

LETTER LXVII.

FATHER ALBERTO *to* DONNA
ISABELLA.

LETTER

THE Duke is now so well reco-
vred as to propose setting
out for Villarea to-morrow. Alonzo
has

has informed you, he tells me, of the new affront which the Duke has offered him; and at your request he has promised not to resent it. I pity you both sincerely: You were formed for each other, and yet I fear will never be united. It is not in my power to relieve you. Oh that it were! Isabella should never then shed another tear. But we must submit to the will of Heaven; and comfort ourselves with reflecting, that this life will not prove eternal; that there is an hereafter; and that *there* the virtuous must be happy.

ADIEU,

ADIEU, dear Isabella. I will
write as soon as we reach Villarea.
Till then, believe me

Ever yours,

ALBERTO.

LETTER

ADIEU

be forced to partake of duty
and must contemplate the destinies
of all my hopes. You will not
I trust, refuse the last request I shall



now to bid me with an interview.
If you will have the goodness to
grant this, you shall never more be

persecuted by the wicked
LETTER LXVIII.

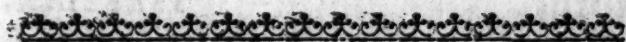
DON ALONZO to DONNA ISABELLA.

I HAVE received your last—I was
going to call it your cruel letter :
but I must submit to my fate ; I must
be

be sacrificed to your ideas of duty, and must contemplate the destruction of all my hopes. You will not, I trust, refuse the last request I shall ever make you; and *that* is, to-morrow to bless me with an interview. If you will have the goodness to grant this, you shall never more be persecuted by the wretched

ALONZO.

LETTER



LETTER LXIX.

DONNA ISABELLA *to* DON ALONZO.

THOUGH I think it highly imprudent in me to grant your request, as an interview will only

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H

increase

increase our misery ; yet at twelve
to-morrow you will be expected by
the wretched

ISABELLA.

LETTER



LETTER LXXI

DONNA ISABELLA *to* FATHER
ALBERTO.

TIS past—the worst is now
over. I have just bid an
eternal adieu to Alonzo! Oh! the

H-2

scene

scene was dreadful. Twice I fainted, and twice the cruel friendship of Laura recalled me to life and to wo. He is gone—never will Isabella behold him more. May Heaven protect him. He is quite in despair. He accuses me—Yet what could I do? I am indeed wretched. Do, visit Alonzo, and try to soothe him. I am so distracted with agony, I can write no more. Do, write to me. Teach me to submit, without repining, to the will of Providence: teach me to bear life; a heavy load I have found it.

ADIEU.

ADIEU. Oh! my heart, how it
 Beats! sure it will break.— Oh
 Heaven support me!—'tis too much.
 Once more adieu.

ISABELLA DELLA VILLAREA.

H 3 LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

DON ALONZO to DONNA ISABELLA
DELLA VILLAREA.

TO-MORROW will Alonzo bid
an eternal adieu to Spain; but
not to misery: That will be his lot
wherever

wherever he goes; that has been his
 lot ever since the appearance of Isa-
 bella preserved his life. Exiled by
 your cruelty, I have procured an
 appointment in New Spain, and
 to-morrow I am to embark. As
 the ship in which I sail now lies
 off that part of the shore where
 stand Ventina's hated walls, the last
 object which I shall contemplate in
 Old Spain will be the prison of Isa-
 bella; and may the grave of Alonzo
 be the first object I behold in New
 Spain. What have I not suffered
 since our parting! It is now two
 long months since I have seen or
 even heard from Isabella. Did I not
 promise to terminate our correspond-
 ence?

ence? I will never write again; and you cannot reproach me with breach of promise—For, oh heaven! we never more shall meet. The thought distracts me! Farewell, a sad farewell to the brightest ornament of the sex, to cruel Isabella; who dooms to perpetual misery the wretched youth that adores her. Adieu; may you, whilst exile and misery are the lot of Alonzo, experience every earthly happiness. Oh Isabella! you have for ever destroyed the peace of the wretched

ALONZO.

LETTER



LETTER LXXII

THE LADY ABBESS OF VENTINA
to FATHER ALBERTO.

REVEREND FATHER,

YOU will not experience more
pain in the perusal of this
mournful letter, than I shall in wri-
ting

ting it; for it is with unfeigned grief that I communicate to you the dreadful intelligence.

THREE nights ago, this convent was near being reduced to ashes by the heedlessness of a servant, who neglected to extinguish the fire of the kitchen before she went to rest. About eleven at night, I was alarmed by the cry of fire; and as soon as I had left my apartment, I found that, owing to the violence of the wind which then blew high, the flames had made a considerable progress. I ordered the doors to be instantly thrown open; and advised every one to

to secure herself by flight: an advice which was followed by all but the amiable girl, who was so lately added to our society. After we had retired to a neighbouring church, I inquired if all the sisterhood were there in safety; and was shocked to find that she was still missing. I instantly returned to the convent, where I found the flames still raging with the utmost violence, notwithstanding every attempt to extinguish them; but in vain I endeavoured to learn any thing concerning the lovely Isabella. You will easily conceive what must have been my feelings. The next morning, however, I received

ceived the melancholy information, that she was seen, after we had quitted the convent, lying at the foot of the altar: but the confusion was so great, that no one was sufficiently recollected to render her the least assistance; and as that part of the chapel was totally destroyed, there is, alas! no room to doubt that she perished in the flames. All attempts to discover even the least remains of the dear girl have proved totally ineffectual. You will do me the justice to believe, that amongst all the fatal consequences of this sad catastrophe, the loss of that dear girl most deeply affects her, who is, with sin-

cere respect for your character, and
with the greatest pity for your mis-
fortune,

Your faithful friend

And servant,

HENRIETTA MENDOZA

Lady Abbess of the Convent of Ventina.

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I

LETTER

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LETTER LXIII.

FATHER ALBERTO *to* HENRIETTA,  
ABBESS OF VENTINA.

DONNA HENRIETTA,

**T**HOUGH misfortune has been  
through life my lot; though  
I have been accustomed to suffer;  
I

I own the news you have communicated to me has affected me beyond description. I have never ceased to weep since the perusal of your sad letter. As soon as I was a little recovered from the astonishment it had occasioned me—I laid your letter before the Duke; who condole with you on your loss, and who bears his own otherwife than I expected. He has ordered a monument to be erected to her memory in the family mausoleum, and an inscription to be engraved, mentioning her descent, and the misfortune that occasioned her ever-to-be lamented death.



I REMAIN, Madam, with respect,  
esteem, and pity for your misfor-  
tune,

Your faithful servant,

and sincere wellwisher,

ALBERTO.

LETTER

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**LETTER LXXIV.**

**DONNA LAURA to FATHER ALBERTO.**

**Y**OU, alas! are too well acquainted with the sad tale to need any fresh information on the  
 I 3 subject.

subject. O! Alberto, why was Isabella wretched?—why did she, who merited so much, never possess a moment's happiness? Never shall I behold her more! Dear, amiable girl! possessed of every human virtue—she is gone to join her sister seraphs in the realms of day—How selfish is it in me thus to lament her fate! Happiness was never her lot on earth; but now it is hers beyond the reach of wo. Not the least remains of our gentle friend have escaped the ravages of the fire; and I have the melancholy reflection, that her sacred ashes are now trampled underfoot by the clowns who are repairing the convent. Happily for me,  
Isabella's



Isabella's apartment is destroyed; so that I shall not have my grief heightened (if that be possible) by contemplating the cell where she wept: For to that sad employment alone did she consecrate her hours since her quitting Villarea.

JUST heaven! for heaven still is just—what do I not suffer? Is there no spot on this vast globe that will afford to mortals a retreat secure from wo! I have sought repose in vain. I, who have spent my whole life within Ventina's now desolated walls, secluded from that world which has proved so fatal to the repose of my dear, my ever-to-be lamented friend,

friend, am now completely wretched! I have now no source of comfort but the certainty of death: *that* once past, and Isabella will again be mine. That Heaven may *accelerate* the arrival of that wished-for hour, shall be the constant prayer of one who is, with sincere regard,

Yours assuredly,

LAURA DE CASSILDINA.

"You will have the kindness to address your answer to me at the Convent of Bellmata; as there we are received till our own be repaired."

LETTER

## LETTER LXXV.

FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA LAURA.

**Y**OUR melancholy letter arrived here this evening; and as I am a fellow-sufferer with you,

you



you will easily believe how sincerely I sympathise with you on your loss. The sad catastrophe, as you observed, affects only those friends who are, perhaps for years, to lament the fate of the dear Isabella. You have indeed sustained a loss, in some respects, severer than mine; as I was, from the moment she quitted Villarea, deprived of her sweet society. Yet I should have had the pleasure of her correspondence. But she is now happy; her sorrows are no more; all her cares are past; and she is now receiving that reward her distinguished virtue claimed.

I WILL not, however, by dwelling on  
 the merits of her who is now at peace,  
 add to the distress of her amiable  
 friend. But I cannot lay down my  
 pen without informing you of the  
 manner in which the Duke received  
 the news of her death. After per-  
 using the fatal letter, “ She has not  
 “ (said he) disgraced her family, and  
 “ shall therefore have a monument  
 “ erected to her memory in the bu-  
 “ rying-place of the Dukes of Aran-  
 “ dina. You (said he) shall draw  
 “ up an inscription for the monu-  
 “ ment: but do not mention the  
 “ names of her parents; only say,  
 “ that she was niece to Don John,  
 “ twentieth

"twentieth Duke of Arandina,"  
&c. &c.

Thus was he *afflicted* by her death! and since that time he has never mentioned her name; though I do not so much wonder at his conduct, as his pride now nearly approaches to madness; and if his life be spared much longer, I have just reason to apprehend a total loss of his reason:—A punishment *that*, which Heaven often inflicts on those who are so haughty as is the poor Duke.

WISHING



WISHING that you may enjoy  
all the happiness of which you are  
now capable, I remain, Madam,  
with respect and esteem,

Your afflicted friend,

ALBERTO.

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**LETTER LXXVI.**

**DON ALONZO DE CASTINA to**

**FATHER ALBERTO.**

**T**HE happiest of beings has now  
the pleasure to address you;  
and to inform you, that Isabella,  
whom

whom you doubtless consider as no more, is in perfect health in New Spain. To explain this mystery, you must know, that after I had embarked for that country, whence I never thought to return, I found it would be impossible to sail till one in the morning. On receiving this intelligence, I got into a boat, and went on shore to contemplate, for the last time, those hated walls that deprived me of Isabella. As the convent is, you know, almost close to the shore, I soon found myself there; and desiring the men to wait a little, I quitted them to indulge myself in walking round the walls of the garden. But as I was going to

return to the boat, observing the convent in flames, and the doors thrown wide open, I instantly flew to the gate, and passed unobserved through the crowd of nuns who were rushing out, and who were too much engaged by attention to their own preservation even to observe me. As I knew that my Isabella had not yet assumed the conventual dress, I was sure she had not escaped me in the crowd. I flew therefore to that part of the convent where she resided; and as I passed through the chapel, I observed a female prostrate at the foot of the altar; who, on a nearer approach, proved to be that dear angel,

who



who had fallen down in a swoon, and lay there without any signs of life. I, however, lost no time ; but, catching the lovely burden in my arms, bore her, still senseless, to the boat that waited for me ; which, as the nuns had all fled the other way, I reached totally unobserved. No sooner had I placed her in the boat, than I tried every possible means to restore her ; but to no purpose. My agonies were now inconceivable, but I still continued my endeavours ; and after rowing about thirteen minutes, we reached the vessel, which was just going to hoist sail. The Captain, who had observed the fire, easily guessed whence

I had stolen so invaluable a treasure, and objected to receiving her for fear of consequences; till observing that she had not the dress of a nun, at my earnest entreaties he consented to receive the dear girl; who now, to my inexpressible joy, began to discover signs of life. As soon as we were on board, the vessel got under way, whilst I conveyed Isabella into the great cabin; where she was soon restored, owing to the kindness of a lady, who, with her husband, was going to New Spain. As soon as she recovered and learned her situation, she instantly relapsed, and it was with difficulty that she was the second time restored at all. When  
she

she came to herself, I informed her of the situation in which I had found her; and that, had I not arrived at the instant I did, she must have perished in the flames, as every one had fled and left her to meet her fate. She in *time* became more reconciled to her situation; but at *first* she earnestly intreated to be put on shore. This, however, the Captain assured her, was impossible; as the ship run nine notes in the hour, and our distance was then near twenty miles from the shores of Spain. She expressed her gratitude to me for preserving her life, but regretted that I had taken advantage of the general confusion to elope with her.



I pleaded only in my defence, that I was human, and that no man could have neglected to embrace so heaven-born an opportunity of possessing all he held dear on earth. But, answered she, my uncle will always suspect that mine was a *voluntary* escape, and will never pardon me. Nay, perhaps good Alberto may even suspect me (and here she wept bitterly.) If Laura still live (Heaven grant she do), even she may suspect Isabella.—I assured her, that those who knew Isabella would never suppose her capable of acting but as an angel would do, were it in her situation. As to Laura, I could only say, that I *thought* she passed me in

I

the

the crowd which rushed out as I entered; and that as I saw no one in the convent, I hoped and believed she was safe. In about a week, I presumed to solicit the blessing of her hand, exerted all the persuasion I was master of, and with great difficulty prevailed on her to confer on me a reward that would have overpaid whole ages of misery. As there was a priest on board, who was also a passenger, we were married, and have now been here five months; but no ship having failed since we arrived, I could not sooner communicate to you the agreeable intelligence contained in this letter. It is almost

almost superfluous to add, that the happiest of beings is

Your faithful friend,

ALONZO DE CASTINA.

ISABELLA begs to hear from you as soon as possible; and requests you to state the case to the Duke; whose pardon we solicit, and whose commands we await with the greatest anxiety. If he will pardon my rashness, and permit me to pay my respects to him in person, I shall esteem myself, if possible, happier than I now am. Poor Isabella trembles at the mention of his name. She would write to you; but as  
 she



she has only time to write *one* letter before the packet fails, she addresses *that*\* to Laura, but inclosed to you; so

\* This letter was destroyed by the accident mentioned in the note p. 73. Vol. I. so that the Editor can satisfy the reader's curiosity concerning it no farther, than by informing him, that, as a picture of what passed in the mind of Isabella, it exhibited the most tender anxiety about the fate of Laura; violent apprehensions of the Duke's resentment of the step she herself had taken in marrying the son of a merchant; and an earnest desire to remove from the mind of her friend every suspicion that her elopement was voluntary.—The idea of being suspected to have gone off *willingly* with her lover seems to have greatly distressed her.

so that if her friend is no more, you  
will of course retain the letter. She  
begs you would show this to Laura.  
The letter is called for. Once more  
adieu. On your well-known good-  
ness we rely.

LETTER

escape reached him, he would, with  
all the infidelity of a Dutch pro-  
fessor of ethics, proceed to inquire  
how far you were culpable in suf-  
fering yourself to be so delivered.

Far from making these inquiries, I  
had no sooner read the letter than I  
burst into tears of joy—of ecstasy;  
and have never ceased, since I heard  
the news, to thank the Heaven that

**FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA ISA-**

**BELLA DE CASTINA.**

It is with regret I inform you  
that the Duke can never be made

**L**ITTLE did you know the heart  
of Alberto, if you thought that  
when the heavenly news of your

**VOL. II.**

**L**

**escape**



escape reached him, he would, with all the insensibility of a Dutch professor of ethics, proceed to inquire how far you were culpable in suffering yourself to be so delivered. Far from making these inquiries, I had no sooner read the letter than I burst into tears of joy—of ecstasy; and have never ceased, since I heard the news, to thank the Heaven that delivered you from death and from misery.

It is with regret I inform you, that the Duke can never be made acquainted with the story of your escape, as he has been for some time

time delirious, and all attempts  
to recall his banished reason have  
proved ineffectual. This sad cala-  
mity was occasioned totally by his  
pride; which, of late, became ex-  
cessive indeed! He is now attended  
by a medical man, who never loses  
sight of him for an instant; but  
who says, he does not apprehend  
that his life will last long, as his  
blood is in a horrid state. I have  
of how usual with you to return as  
soon as possible, that, should any  
thing happen, you may be ready to  
claim your family possessions. Poor  
man! it is really dreadful to see how  
sensible

his pride increases ! Even now he desires that no servant will present him any thing but on the knee ; and gives every day some fresh instance of growing arrogance. He is indeed an object of pity and terror to all who see him. Heaven restore him to reason before it call him hence.

and Laura is, as you will hear from herself, in health, and happy beyond conception to find that *Isabella* living over whom she had shed so many tears. As she writes by this packet, I shall now conclude with wishing, that as much happiness may be the lot of *Isabella* as the shortness



shortness of human life will admit. Adieu, dear child. Believe me

Ever yours,

ALBERTO.

TELL Alonzo I would have written to him also; but you are now one,

LETTER  
No. 1  
than I twined for joy. No sooner  
well-known hand of Isabelle  
did I behold the  
L 35

## LETTER LXXVIII

**DONNA LAURA to DONNA ISABELLA  
DE CASTINA.**

**N**O sooner did I behold the  
well-known hand of Isabella,  
than I swooned for joy. No sooner

was

was I recovered than I tore open the  
 letter with the utmost anxiety. I  
 was so much affected by the contents,  
 that it was with difficulty I ever got  
 through it. I wept, but it was from  
 excess of joy. Oh, Isabella! sus-  
 pected you of having acted improp-  
 erly!—No. Joy so wholly occu-  
 pies my breast, that suspicion will  
 find no admission; and if it did, at  
 the name of *Isabella* it would vanish  
 —the charm would be too powerful  
 for it. Oh, Isabella! hasten to Old  
 Spain: I die with anxiety to embrace  
 you.  
 I have read Alonzo's letter to  
 Alberto, and have sent yours to that  
 excellent



excellent man. You are to receive  
 from him an account of the Duke's  
 misfortune. Poor wretch! cruel as  
 he has been, I pity him. He is a  
 sad instance of the melancholy effect  
 of pride, when carried to that dread-  
 ful length. Happy had it been for  
 him, if all his ancestors had been  
 honest peasants, instead of illustrious  
 Dukes. The only effect that a long  
 train of coroneted ancestry ought to  
 produce in the mind of their repre-  
 sentative is, to encourage him in at-  
 tempting to imitate the virtues of  
 those illustrious men from whom he  
 boasts his descent. If it produce  
 this effect, a long train of ancestors  
 may indeed be esteemed an import-  
 ant

ant advantage; but if it be only considered as conferring on us a power of insulting those whose ancestors were unknown, it may be justly esteemed a misfortune. Of the truth of this assertion the poor Duke is too fatal an instance.—But I must conclude, as Father Alberto has sent for my letter that he may inclose it with his. Do, write to me once more, ere you enable me to assure you in *person* how sincerely I am

Y<sup>r</sup> affectionate

LAURA.

ALL

ALL this appears: as if I had  
 dreamt that Isabella, whose fate I  
 have so often wept—does still live  
 happy and at ease;—with a stranger man,  
 ly esteemed a misfortune. Of the  
 truth of this assertion the poor Duke  
 is too fatal an instance.—But I  
 must conclude, as Father Alberto  
 has sent for my letter, that he may  
 inclose it with his. Do, write to  
 me once more, ere you enable me  
 to assure you in person how sincerely

I am

LETTER

Your affectionate

Isabella

All



now, recollect having seen a young  
man rush into the convent the mo-  
ment the doors were opened. They  
all rejoice greatly that the dear an-  
gel has escaped, and are very anxious  
to see her in Old Spain again. They

cannot, however, be so anxious as I  
am. I believe there is not one here  
who supposes that Isabella ever knew  
where she was till she had fail-

### LETTER LXXIX.

her conduct reprehensible. The  
**DONNA LAURA to FATHER ALBERTO.**  
news of her escape has been much

noised about, and has every where  
occasioned much joy. Several people

**I** HAVE been much questioned  
concerning Isabella's escape by  
all our sisterhood; many of whom

might

now

now recollect having seen a young man rush into the convent the moment the doors were opened. They all rejoice greatly that the dear angel has escaped, and are very anxious to see her in Old Spain again. They cannot, however, be *so* anxious as I am. I believe there is not *one* here who supposes that Isabella even *knew* where she was till the ship had failed; and if she did, I do not think her conduct reprehensible. The news of her escape has been much noised about, and has every where occasioned much joy. Several people who visited the convent have desired to see me, though I was totally unknown to them, merely that they might

might congratulate me on the joyful news. I now indeed am happy. How unsearchable are the ways of Providence? Had *Isabella not* returned to Ventina, she would probably never have been the wife of Alonzo. I remain, with respect and esteem,

Revered Father,

Yours, &c.

LAURA DE CASSILDINA.

VOL. II. M LETTER



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Yours, &c.

LAURA DE CASSILDINA.

VOL. II. M LETTER

## LETTER LXXX.

FATHER ALBERTO *to* DONNA LAURA.

**I** WAS this day alarmed with a great noise issuing from the Duke's apartment. I instantly went  
to



to learn the reason of the tumult; and the moment I entered the room, perceived the Duke weltering in his blood. The physician who attended him told me, that he had left the Duke only an instant, whilst he went to the next apartment to bring him some medicine; and when he returned, he found him in this horrid condition, with a dagger in his hand; which it seems he had procured, but *how* I have not been able to discover. When I arrived, there were scarce any signs of life; and in a few moments the Duke breathed his last. Poor wretched man! he is a sad instance of the fatal effects of pride.

I HAVE ordered several hundred masses to be offered up for his soul, that, through the infinite mercy of the Almighty, she may at last gain admission into the bright regions of eternal day; where the vain distinctions of birth are unknown, and where humility is preferred to elation of heart. May his example warn others to shun those errors that embittered his *present*, and clouded his *prospects* of a *future*, life!

By his death Isabella succeeds to his enormous property; which, had she not escaped that fatal night, would have devolved to the Crown.

Crown. I have sent immediate intelligence to the Marchioness of Villarea (for the dukedom being extinct, that title devolves to the amiable Isabella); and have, in her name, taken possession of the estate.

THE Duke's funeral is fixed for to-morrow; and as his rank was so high, I have ordered it to be conducted in a pompous manner; tho', alas! I fear his spirit will receive little pleasure from the pomp with which his remains will be consigned to the grave, where all distinction ceases. You will not have an opportunity



tunity of writing for some time, if  
you neglect the present one. I re-  
main, as usual,

Yours,

ALBERTO.

LETTER

need be, and the same is the case  
 as you are to attend and in the  
 and I was informed that the was in a  
 on the 10th of the month.



and the same is the case  
 the lady was of the name of  
 and the same is the case

**LETTER LXXXI**

**FATHER PEREZ to FATHER ALBERTO.**

**REVEREND BROTHER,**

**Y**ESTERDAY a vessel from  
 New Spain arrived here; on  
 board of which there was a lady of  
 dif-

distinction, whose husband had been drowned in the course of the voyage; and I was informed that she was in a very bad state. On receiving this intelligence, I, as was my duty, went on board the ship, and found that the lady was of Villarea; and that her only son, an infant of nine months old, was with her. She was so weak as not to be able to speak, and it was apprehended she could not survive many days. I had her landed and placed in one of the best houses here, where she is attended by the faculty of the place; and they give me hopes that she may yet recover. I learnt from one of her attendants, that you are her  
par-



particular friend, which has occasioned my informing you of her situation.

I am, Sir,

Your loving brother,

PEREZ.

LETTER



**LETTER LXXXII.**

**FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA LAURA.**

**I** TOLD you in my last hurried scrawl, that our Isabella was arrived in Spain, and what misfortunes had

had befallen her. The instant I had scratched these few lines to you, I set off for Cadiz, and found the sad mourner in a very miserable state, as you will suppose. She had, however, recovered her strength so much as to be able to speak; and showed great pleasure at my arrival. She was in bed, and appeared wan and much exhausted. On a little couch, near the bed, lay a smiling infant that seems to inherit all its mother's charms. She wept bitterly on my kissing the sweet babe; and said, it was all she had by which to remember her Alonzo. It was about nine months old; and



and she has named it Frederick  
Alonzo.

I HOPE God will support her  
in all her distresses, of which Hea-  
ven has given her a large propor-  
tion. Indeed I have never ceased  
to weep since I arrived here. To  
see the mother hang in agony over  
her infant son, to hear her sighs,  
and to witness her sorrows, is too  
much for me.

Of poor, amiable, Alonzo's death,  
I received the following account  
from one of her attendants. After  
they had embarked for Old Spain,  
and

and were just out of the harbour, Isabella recollected a casket, containing the certificate of her marriage, which she had left on shore. Alonzo insisted on going to fetch it himself, and got into a boat; they were about this time two miles from shore. Scarce had the boat got half way, when a hurricane overfet her; all her crew perished, and the ship was driven out to sea. The hurricane continued for twelve hours; during which time the ship was in the greatest danger of foundering. When the hurricane subsided, they found themselves far out at sea; and the wind was so contrary, that they

could not return to inquire if the corpse of Alonzo had been driven on shore; for there were no hopes of his life being preserved, as the hurricane was so violent that no one could gain the shore. Poor Isabella was for a long time quite delirious, and accused herself as the cause of his death. I trust, however, that she will yet recover, and that the young Alonzo will not be deprived of both his parents.

SHE says, whenever she is able to hold a pen, she will write to you. She sends her love to you: and I must now lay down my pen,



pen, as the physicians are arrived ;  
and I always attend her when they  
come.

I am, as usual,

Yours, &c.

ALBERTO.

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII

LETTER LXXII



**LETTER LXXII.**

**FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA**

**LAURA.**

**I** HAVE at length removed your  
 Isabella hither. She was much  
 affected on her first arrival; but time  
 will,

will, I trust, reconcile her to the place. The sight of the castle recalled to her memory many past transactions: the meeting between her and the poor old nurse, was truly affecting; the good old woman wept in silence, whilst Isabella embraced her with the greatest affection.

HER arrival has made all the servants distracted with joy; of which there never was so much in the Castle of Villarea: But your friend herself is inconsolable for the death of Alonzo, and will, I fear, soon follow him;—she is at present reduced to a mere skeleton. She is ever grate-



ful for your letters\*, and regrets that she cannot yet answer them.

I remain, with all esteem,

Yours, &c.

ALBERTO.

I presume the letters here mentioned were of no importance to the story, as they are not in the collection. How many months elapsed between the writing of the last letter and of that which follows, it is impossible for the editor to determine, as all those which may be supposed to have passed between Alberto and Laara, or between her and Isabella, have been destroyed, probably because they contained nothing essential to the completion of the narrative.

LETTER

LETTER LXXI.

FATHER ALBERTO to DONNA LAURA!

**O** LAURA, what ecstasy will  
 you feel at the perusal of this  
 letter! Yesterday, as the Marchioness  
 and

and I were walking in the grove, a figure approached us, which so nearly resembled Alonzo that I started; but on a nearer approach it proved to be that very Alonzo, whose supposed death had nearly proved fatal to Isabella. The interview, as you will suppose, was interesting in the extreme. I will not attempt to describe it, lest I should not do justice to such a scene. Suffice it to say, that pleasure now reigns unrivalled within these happy walls. The escape of Alonzo was indeed nearly miraculous! He alone, of all the crew, escaped by clinging to a plank, and at length reached the shore nearly



ly dead with fatigue. His sufferings, during his absence from Isabella, were doubtless of the severest nature. Ignorant of her fate, and unable to acquaint her with his escape, he embarked for Old Spain in the next fleet that sailed; and immediately on his arrival, wrote to me to prepare Isabella for his return: but unhappily the letter never arrived. *Unhappily*, I say, because the surprise had nearly proved fatal to Isabella.

God grant that the happiness which this amiable couple now enjoy, may henceforth remain unalloyed

loyed by misfortune, and that the remainder of their days may be spent in a state of uninterrupted tranquillity. In this prayer *you*, I am sure, will readily join, as well as in admiring the unsearchable ways of Providence. Don Alonzo joins your Isabella in every warmest wish for the happiness of Donna Laura, as does her

Sincere friend,

And faithful servant,

ALBERTO.

P. S. As soon as Isabella's spirits are at all recovered from their present

sent agitated state, she means to set out for Ventina; there to embrace her much-loved Laura.

ALONZO DE CASTINA.

POSTSCRIPT,



[ 186 ]

POSTSCRIPT,

BY THE

E D I T O R.

**H**ENCEFORTH never let mortals become the victims of despair. Never let them cease to confide

confide in the goodness as well as in the wisdom of Providence. Let them remember, that omnipotence and mercy are alike the attributes of the Divinity; and that those events which, on their first appearance, have the most dismal aspect, frequently in the end prove the source of lasting joy. It is at once our duty and our interest, to wait with patience the arrival of Heaven's appointed time.

OFTEN when the portentous clouds of misfortune appear ready to burst on our defenceless heads, the sunshine of prosperity darts its cheering

VOL. II.

O

rays

rays through the almost impenetrable  
gloom, by its genial warmth awa-  
king at once our admiration and our  
gratitude.




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**FINIS.**

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Nesciat irasci, cupiat nihil; et potiores  
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Et venere, et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapali.

---

JUVENAL.

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